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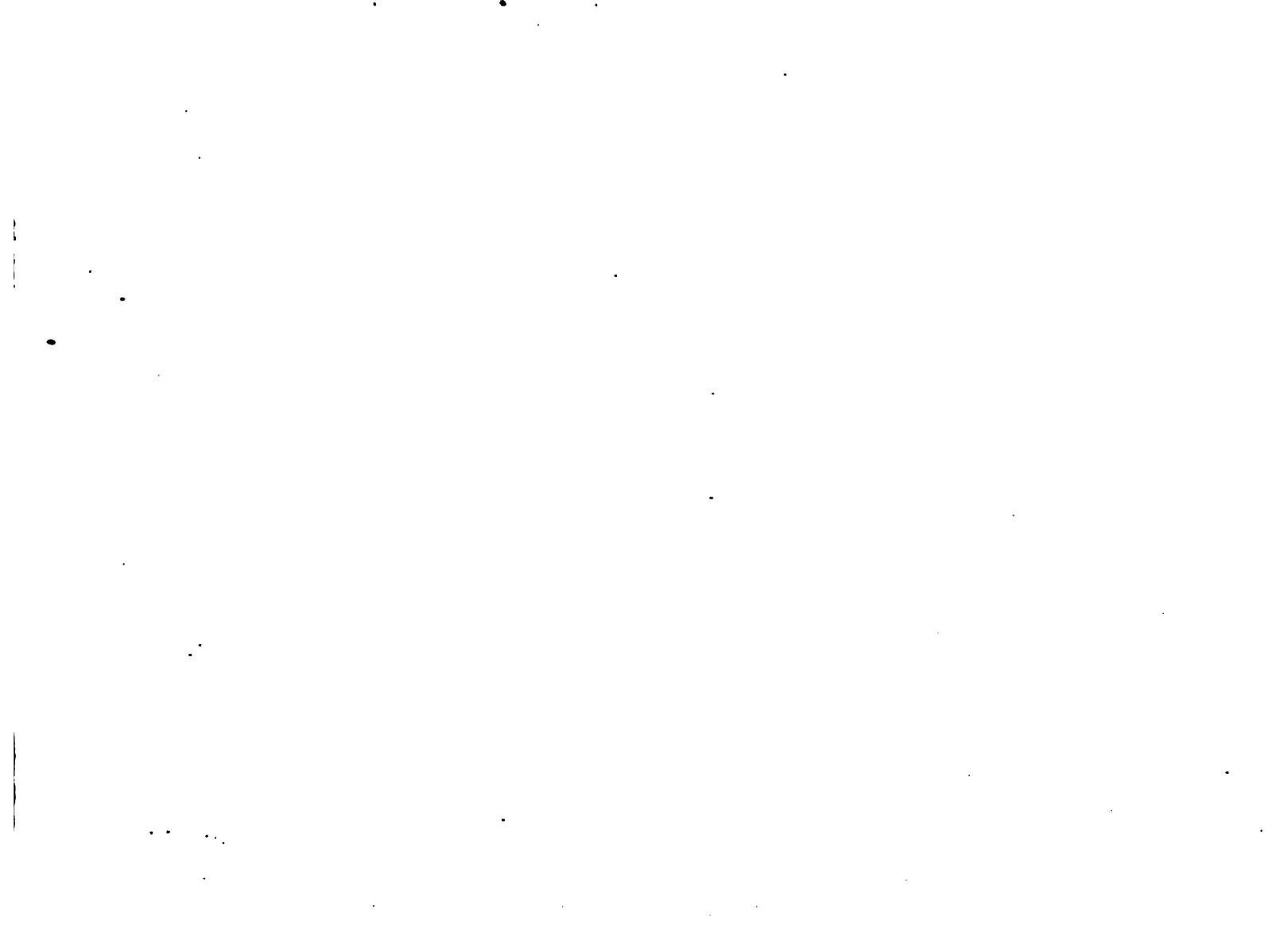
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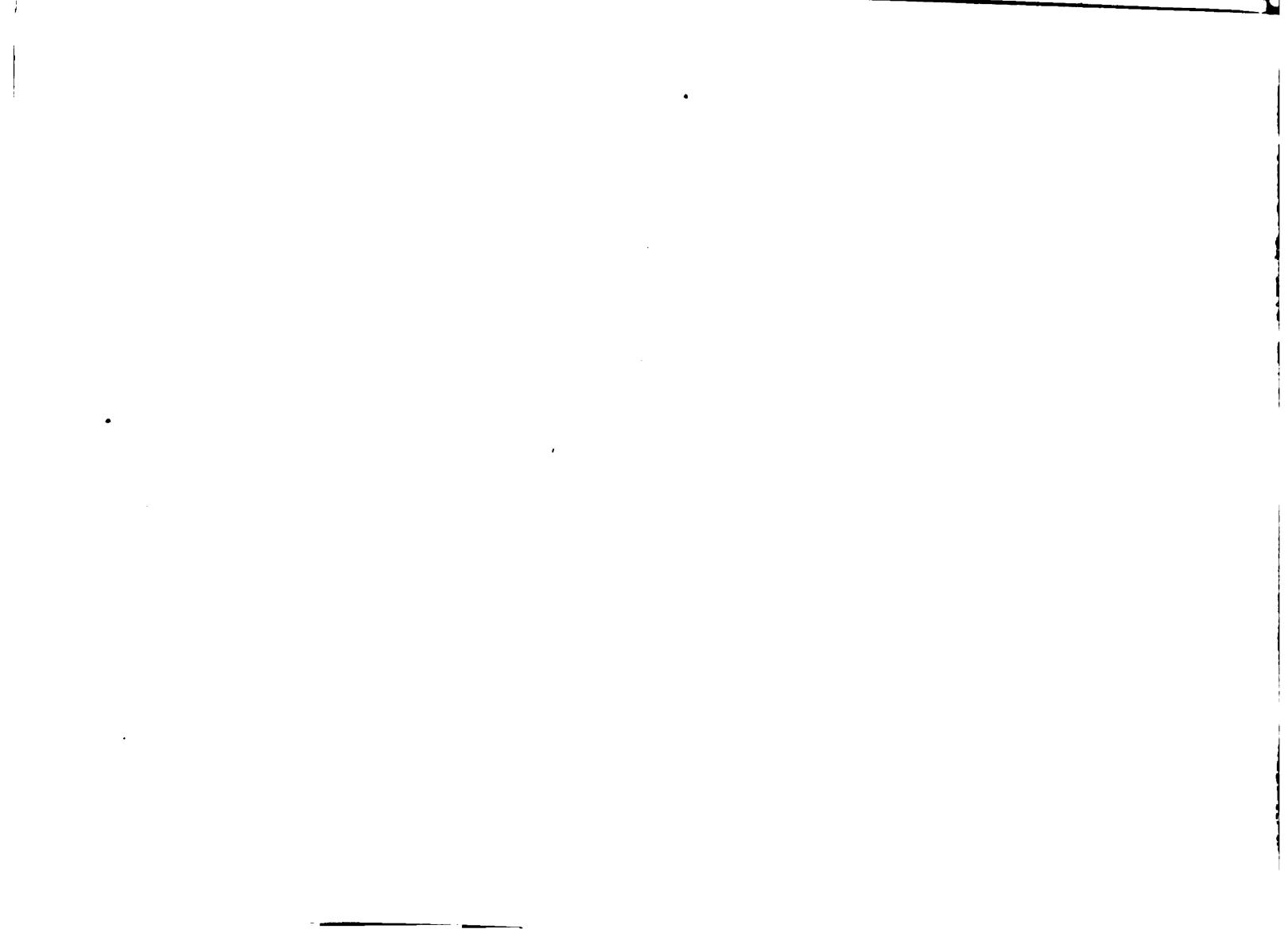
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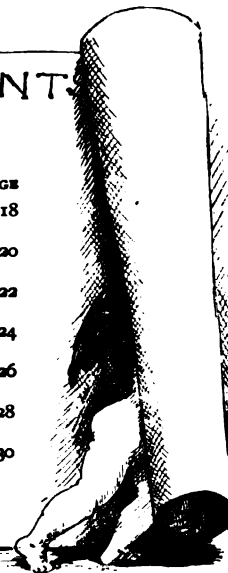
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I

REFLECTIVE

He: WHAT ON EARTH CAN SHE SEE IN THAT HOMELY VASE TO STARE
AT SO?

She: SHE IS NOT STARING AT THE VASE. SHE IS LOOKING TO SEE IF THE
OVERSKIRT OF HER PLATE-GLASS REFLECTION SETS BECOMINGLY.



II

SYMPATHETIC

She: WHY DOES THAT GENTLEMAN LIMP? IS HE LAME?

He: LAME? HOW ABSURD! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

She: HEARD WHAT?

He: WHY, IT IS RUMORED THAT THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS SPRAINED
HIS ANKLE.



III

A MATTER OF NECESSITY

She: DO SEE THAT MAN OVER THERE! HE HAS BEEN SUCKING THE
HANDLE OF HIS CANE FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES.

He: DON'T RIDICULE HIM. HE HAS TO DO IT. HELPS HIM TO THINK,
YOU KNOW.



IV

A NECESSARY EVIL

She: IS THAT MAN A GENTLEMAN?

He: NOT AT ALL. ONLY AN ENGLISH PEER.

She: WHEN DID HE ARRIVE?

He: ON SATURDAY. HE RETURNS TO-MORROW.

She: IF HE ONLY INTENDED STAYING FIVE DAYS WHY DID HE COME AT
ALL?

He: HE IS GOING TO WRITE A BOOK OF IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. HE
CAME OVER TO GET THE IMPRESSIONS.



V

NIPPED IN THE BUD

The Boy: WHY IS THIS STORE CLOSED, PAPA?

The Man: BECAUSE THE PERSON WHO KEPT IT FAILED.

The Boy: COULD N'T HE SELL ANY FLOWERS?

The Man: OH MY, YES. HE SOLD MORE FLOWERS THAN ANY OTHER
FLORIST IN THE COUNTRY.

The Boy: THEN WHY DID HE FAIL?

The Man: BECAUSE BILLS ARE VULGAR, MY SON, AND THE FLORIST'S
CUSTOMERS ALWAYS IGNORE WHAT IS VULGAR.



VI

A MATTER OF FASHION

The Boy: ISN'T THAT MISS ROSEBUD, WHO HAD HYDROPHOBIA LAST
SUMMER, PAPA ?

The Man: THE VERY SAME, MY SON.

The Boy: I SHOULD THINK SHE WOULD BE AFRAID TO HAVE SO MANY
DOGS ABOUT HER.

The Man: OH, NO. THE DOG IS HAVING HIS DAY NOW. HYDROPHOBIA
HAS GONE OUT.



VII

NOT SOCIABLE

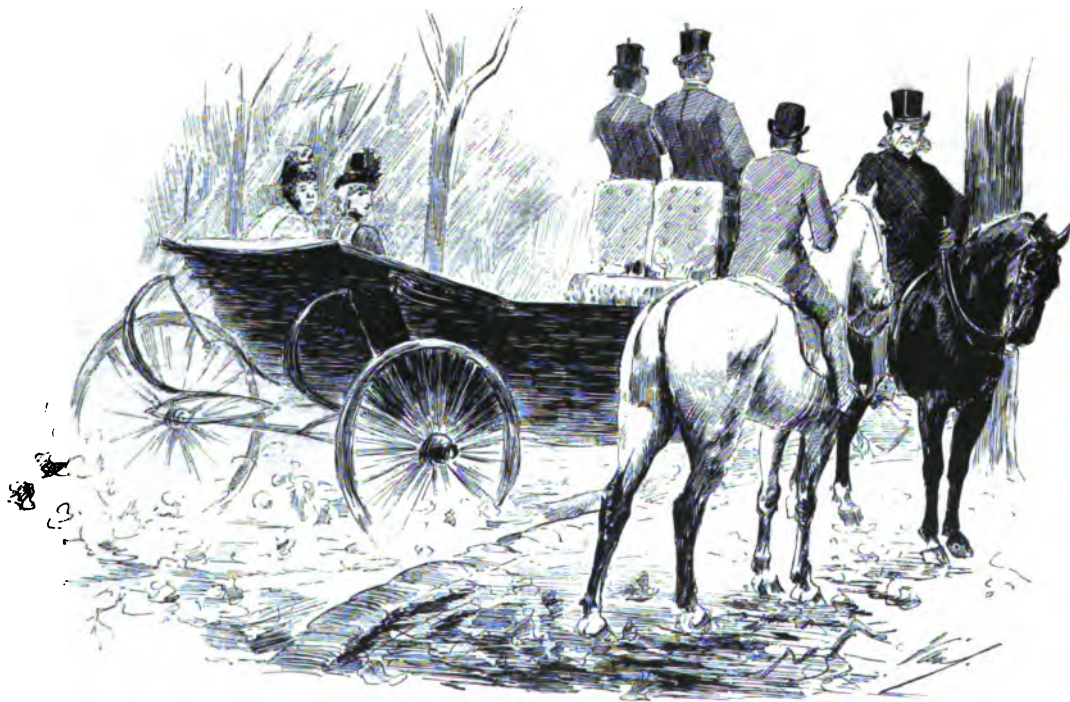
Mrs. Pennybags: THERE 'S THAT HORRID DR. PILLSBURY.

Miss Rosebud: HORRID? WHY, I HEARD HE WAS A CHARMING MAN.

Mrs. Pennybags: THERE IS NOTHING CHARMING ABOUT HIM. WHY, WHEN WE WERE AT LENOX LAST SUMMER THE DOCTOR WAS THERE AND WE MET HIM SEVERAL TIMES SOCIALLY. WHEN I WAS TAKEN SICK MR. PENNYBAGS SENT FOR HIM AND HE CAME AND PRESCRIBED FOR ME. ON OUR ARRIVAL AT HOME HE SENT US A BILL FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES, ALTHOUGH HE WAS ON HIS VACATION WHEN HE PRESCRIBED FOR ME. I CALL THAT UNSOCIABLE AND SHABBY TO THE LAST DEGREE.

Miss Rosebud: WELL, THAT WAS PECULIAR. I SUPPOSE THAT MR. PENNYBAGS WOULD HAVE PACKED ANY NUMBER OF BARRELS OF PORK FOR THE DOCTOR FOR NOTHING WHILE HE WAS OFF ON HIS VACATION.

Mrs. Pennybags: AHM! WELL, YOU—ER—YOU KNOW A DOCTOR IS DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW, FROM A PORK-PACKER.



VIII

UNPARDONABLE INSULT

Dudekins: YA-AS, THE FELLAH INSULTED ME B'YOND REPAIAH.

Sympathetic Chorus: HOW WAS IT, CHOLLY?

Dudekins: SEE THESE TROUSERS?

Excited Chorus: YA-AS.

Dudekins: WELL, WHEN THAT—AW—CAD OF A TAILAH SENT THEM HOME
HE ACTUALLY ENCLOSED THE BILL!

Horrified Chorus: AW, FAWNCY!!!



IX

AN INTERESTING INVALID

The Boy: WHY, PAPA, IS N'T THAT MRS. VANDERPEYSTER OVER THERE?

The Man: YES, MY SON.

The Boy: I THOUGHT SHE TOLD YOU SHE WAS GOING SOUTH FOR HER
WEAK LUNGS.

The Man: SHE DID TELL ME SO.

The Boy: WELL, IS N'T IT BAD FOR HER TO WEAR SUCH A DRESS AS
THAT?

The Man: SH-H, MY SON. SHE ONLY HAS LUNG TROUBLES AT HOME.



X

THE NEW PROFESSION

The Man: THERE GOES POOR CADLEY.

The Boy: WHY DO YOU CALL HIM POOR, PAPA? HE SEEMS HAPPY
ENOUGH.

The Man: OH, HE 'S HEAD OVER EARS IN DEBT AND HAS N'T A CENT TO
HIS NAME.

The Boy: HOW DOES HE LIVE, PAPA? HOW DOES HE GET ENOUGH TO
EAT?

The Man: HE DINES WITH HIS FRIENDS.



XI

SHE NEEDED COACHING

She: MY, WHAT A SWELL FOOTMAN THE VANDERPEYSTERS HAVE.

He: HUSH, EMILY. THAT IS HARRY LIGHTFOOT. HE LEADS THE
COTILLION TO-NIGHT.

She: THAT HARRY LIGHTFOOT? WELL, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE
MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OUR COACHMEN AND OUR FASHION-
ABLE YOUTHS.

He: NO, THERE ISN'T, EXCEPT, PERHAPS, THAT THE COACHMAN IS CAPA-
BLE OF EARNING HIS LIVING.



XII

ONE OF THE MANY

She: IS N'T THAT LOQUACIOUS YOUNG LADY OVER IN THE BOX EMILY
ROSEBUD?

He: YES.

She: I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE COULD N'T TALK?

He: NEITHER SHE CAN, EXCEPT AT THE THEATRE WHILE THE PLAY IS IN
PROGRESS.



XIII

MUCH ADO

She: WHAT AN INCESSANT TALKER CHARLEY BOHRE IS.

He: YES, HE CAN TALK A MAN TO SLEEP IN LESS TIME THAN ANY
MAN I KNOW.

She: WHAT HAS HE BEEN TALKING ABOUT FOR THE LAST HOUR?

He: PURE, UNADULTERATED, ABSOLUTE NOTHING.



XIV

THE GOLDEN RULE

He: MY! WHAT A HORRIDLY VULGAR WOMAN THAT MRS. PENNYBAGS IS.

She: WHY, MR. VANDERPEYSTER, HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING!

He: WELL, NOW, IS N'T SHE?

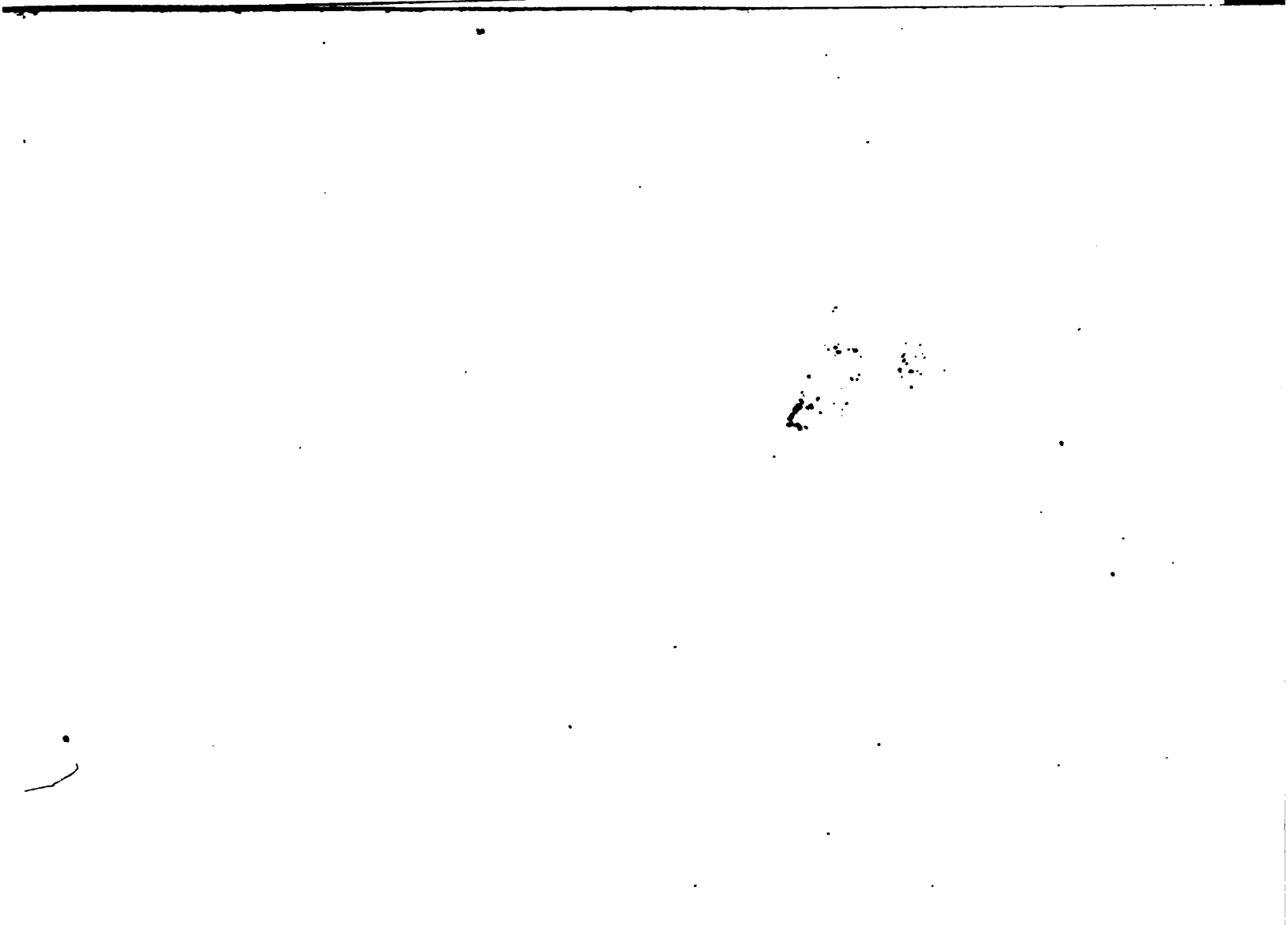
She: YOU FORGET THAT MRS. PENNYBAGS HAS A HUNDRED THOUSAND
A YEAR IN HER OWN RIGHT!





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